

Skin To Skin by GallifreyGod

Series: [Skin to Skin \[1\]](#)

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inspired by @Billielourrd's post on tumblr

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Author's Note:

This is inspired by @-billielourrd's post on tumblr

'Okay but the idea of Jim Hopper, all-around teddy bear and dad-bod extraordinary, holding a small tiny baby to his chest is the cutest most cavity inducing image I've ever had the pleasure of imagining I'm screaming!!!!!!'

The fear of it all felt paralyzing. A whirlwind of emotions swirling together all at once at an impeccable speed. Clouds of doctors rushing around the room as he stood there, dead on his feet. It was too early for all of this! Medical terms being thrown around just as loudly as his wife's unnerving cries. He couldn't do this again, it just wasn't something he could survive.

And just like that, it all came to a halt. The smallest cry he had ever heard depart from premature lungs. Jim Hopper was a father once again. The blissful moment of raw emotions lasted less than a second before their 9-weeks premature child was rushed off into the hands of Indiana's best neonatal doctors.

Molly Anne Hopper, born on December 18th at 31 weeks, weighing 4lbs and 2oz. Jim couldn't take his eyes off the tiniest human he had ever seen. The love he already had for a child he had only known for 8 hours was a terrifying thrill, one he certainly didn't know how to handle.

Hopper couldn't help but feel as if he was having déjà vu. It had been a very long fifteen years since he had felt the magic that came from seeing his own creation. He could already see the similarities between his newborn daughter and Sara. Thready blonde hair already on top of her head and beautiful long black eyelashes. It was

a cocktail of pride and fear all wrapped in a small pink blanket.

"Sometimes skin to skin helps premature babies. You up for the task, dad?" a nurse asked from behind him, pulling him out of his foggy daze.

"I uh, I don't want to break her. She's so small." Hop laughed nervously, barely taking his eyes off of the baby. She looked so fragile, micro IVs and tubes that could just be the glue holding her together.

"She's a tough one. I promise you won't hurt her." the nurse laughed as she began undoing the small swaddle. Jim quickly unbuttoned the flannel shirt that he had thrown on the moment Joyce said her water had broken. Sitting himself down in a nursery rocking chair, he tried not to black out from the fright.

"There you go, hold her head." but Jim couldn't hear her. His heart was beating so loudly in his ears as his nerves sparked in his fingertips. It was like magic, pure magic. His breath caught in his lungs as her soft peach skin touched his calloused hands, gently lowering her onto his bare chest.

"Do you know what I would give? For a second chance?"

This was it. This was his second chance. She would never replace Sara but, God, she wouldn't have to. This tiny human lying on his chest was her own person, here to carry out her own legacy.

Tears fell from Hopper's eyes for the first time in a very long time. Raw and unadulterated joy swelled in his heart, nearly choking him as he held his daughter against his chest. She was a whole and warm soul, not yet touched by the hurt and hatred of this world. She was a clean slate, a blank canvas.

The moment her tiny hand gripped his index finger, he became wrapped around hers. Jim knew he'd always be a father even if Sara wasn't here, but this? This was like renewal. A breathtaking reassurance that fatherhood would always be a part of him. This was his fate no matter what destination the roads led him to. Molly was more than a bandage to his broken soul, she was the cure.

"She's gonna move mountains, Hop." Joyce said with a smile as she stood in the doorway of the NICU.

Jim sniffled, petting the small hairs down on her head. "What if I mess up?" he whispered.

"We're probably gonna mess a lot of this up, but I think if we mess it up together it won't be so bad." Joyce chuckled warmly. She looked exhausted and she certainly looked like she shouldn't be out of bed, but she knew Hopper was probably lost in his thoughts somewhere in the hospital.

"I'm terrified, Joyce." he spoke softly as he looked back down at the sleeping baby on his chest. She was so delicate and small, how were they going to do this? He knew Joyce had motherhood in the bag but he certainly didn't know how he was going to get through this.

"So am I, but I think she's gonna be amazing. She will never replace Sara, honey, but the beautiful thing is that you'll be able to watch Sara grow up through her. And I'll be damned if I don't think she's up there with a smile on her face while she watches her Daddy with her baby sister." Joyce chuckled as she leaned down and kissed Hopper's forehead.

"I love you, Joycie." he smiled with tears continuing to well in his eyes.

"I love you too, Hop. Now scootch over so I can hold our daughter." she laughed as she slid into the chair with him.

And they sat there for countless hours, cramped into a small rocking chair while they held their newest addition to their wild and crazy family.